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# Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe 1813 30 Oct 08

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"For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

## Song of the Empire.

God bless our Empire vast;
O'er it Thy mercy cast,
Protecting Power;
May every colony—
And each dependency—
Be true to all, and Thee;
Their shield and tower.

Where northern lights do glow
On glacier, berg and snow,
In Arctic zone;
Where the fierce Tropic pains;
Where fall torrential rains;
O'er range and torrid plains—
Reign, Thee alone!

God bless our Motherland;
May she for ever stand,
Home of the free;
Head of all nations' laws;
First in each noble cause
Averter still of wars;
Make her to be.

Bless Thou our Sovereign King;
May his reign ever bring
Honor and peace;
And though the seas divide,
Let every branch abide
Staunch to its source and guide;
And strong in Thee.

—Selected

THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

—The 'Australasian.'

## Love of His Country.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no ministrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

## The Union Jack.

There was a time when there was no Union Jack in any modern sense. Before James the First, who was James the Sixth of Scotland, ascended the throne of England, there were Jacks, doubtless. At any rate, there was the simple English Jack, a plain red cross on a white flag or background. This is the banner of St. George—argent, a cross gules. The red cross of St. George had won a name for itself during the rude, hard fights of many a mediæval country. Those who are curious as to the past and who would escape the malediction of the patriotic professor may be asking for documentary evidence as to the hero-saint, whose flag pervades the world. How did we come into possession of so holy a relic and by what right do our ships flaunt it over all waters, awing thereby both the civilized and the rude? We know that there have been sceptics as to the saintly champion's claims to veneration: great authorities have differed as to almost every deed that has been ascribed to him. Some have even gone so far as to question the reality of the dragon; though few facts are more substantial than the old Crown piece and its superscription. Who would doubt a victory that found expression in so strong and helpful a form? Tradition assigns the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted as the time in which St. George first manifested an interest in the English and their cause. Richard was at the moment in which he acknowledged the saint's succor engaged in a fighting for Christendom against the usurping infidel. Nor was it in England alone that St. George was held in special veneration. Besides a great part of the Christian orient, Genoa and Venice offered a cult to St. George which had been made more earnest through their frequent intercourses with his eastern votaries, if it did not originate with them. It was not until the reign of Edward III. that St. George was made the patron saint of England, and it is enough for us to know that nothing in the story of St. George as it has come down to us has checked the ardor of the Englishman's belief in the high destiny of his people and the duty of maintaining the honor of his country's flag.

From the reign of Edward III. until the beginning of the 17th century when the two crowns of England and Scotland were united as the heritage of the same monarch the flag was associated with much carnage, much party patriotism (the wars of the Roses dividing Edward's descendants and his realm into fierce contending factions) and always some share of the highest spirit of loyalty with which St. George's banner is identified. Then was that banner joined in the way with which we are or may be acquainted into the earliest form of the Union Jack. The Scotch flag that James's advent to the southern capital put into the hands of our heralds so that they might make one Jack out of two by a skilful adaptation of crosses and grounds to the new conditions, is well

enough known. During the succeeding century several changes and restoration took place and then in 1707—a little more than a hundred years after Elizabeth's death—the Scottish was united with the English Parliament to form the Parliament of Great Britain. Nearly a century again elapsed before the final change took place and the Union Jack assumed the form that it still bears.—'Gazette.'

## Religious News.

Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, foreign secretary of the L. M. S., writes thus to the British 'Congregationalist':

The new year is to be 'a great missionary year' among the churches which own the L. M. S. as their channel of work in the foreign mission field. A special campaign of information and appeal is to be inaugurated very soon, and is to be pushed in every direction by preachers, speakers, and literature. The tide will flow so strongly and fully that it is expected it will fill every creek and channel, and reach even the remotest and smallest villages. Special response is expected to this special effort—large, generous, bountiful response—a response in money which will fill the treasury and which will be a permanently enlarged stream of contributions to mission funds, providing adequately for the maintenance and development of the society's work, a response in consecrated lives eager to give themselves to the extension of Christ's kingdom throughout the world, and a response in more general and fervent prayer for the manifestation of God's saving grace to all the earth.

The 'Medical Missionary' gives the following statistics regarding the number of medical missionaries now in the fields from Great Britain and the United States: The 6 largest societies in the United States have a total of 281, and the 5 largest British societies of 250. The Presbyterians have exactly 100, while the Church Missionary Society leads Great Britain with 80. The total for Great Britain is men, 278, and women, 147, while the United States and Canada furnish (including the 20 in the list of Great Britain who hold American degrees), men, 280, and women, 153.

China leads in the list of countries, with a total of over 300, India comes next with 225; then Africa, with only 65. Korea, Palestine, Turkey, Burma, Egypt and other lands and even the islands of the sea, including the Philippines, are in part at least cared for.

A number of interesting and helpful lectures on missions were delivered in German Universities during last winter. In Halle Professor Warneck has interested and guided the students in the study of history and methods of missions. In Bonn, Professor Boehmer lectured on missions and the German Colonial Policy. In Giessen, Dr. Graue discussed the history, the fields, and the problems of foreign missions. In Konigsberg, Professor Mirbt taught the history of missions. And in the Seminary of Oriental Languages in Berlin, many lectures beneficial to the future missionary were delivered, the most prominent lecturer being Professor Meinhof, the master of the Bantu languages.

Temperance, in its relation to the individual and to the state, will be the subject of a great mass meeting Sunday afternoon, June 21, at the International Sunday School Convention, Louisville, Kentucky. Justice Maclaren, of Canada, will preside, and the speakers will be Governor Robert B. Glenn, of North Caroline; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National President of the W.C.T.U.; Rev. Alex. Alison, D.D., General Secretary of the National Temperance Society on 'The Dual Problem,' and Rev. P. A. Baker, D.D., National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League on 'The New Crusade Against the Saloon.'

Canada will send large delegations from the several provinces to the International Sunday School Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, June 18-23. Justice Maclaren, of Toronto, is President of the International Association; Principal E. I. Rexford, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal, and Principal William Patrick, of Winnipeg, are members of the International Lesson Committee, and other speakers and workers who will be heard at the Convention are Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., of Montreal; Rev. A. C. Crews, D.D., of Toronto; Dr. Frank Woodbury, of Halifax, N.S.; William Hamilton, of Toronto, and General Secretaries J. A. Jackson, B.A., of Ontario; W. H. Irwin, of Manitoba; Stuart Muirhead, of Alberta and Eastern B.C.; Rev. J. B. Ganong, of N.B. and P.E.I.; and Rev. A. M. McLeod, of N.S. Rev. Aquila Lucas, of Nova Scotia, is the International Field Worker for the West Indies and South America, and the record of his work during the past five months rings the clear and true note of triumph for the Cause of Christ through the service agency of the Sunday School.

## Work in Labrador.

### THE CLOSE OF THE SUMMER.

(From a letter by Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsburg, Mass., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishermen.')

(Concluded.)

I couldn't leave Blanc Sablon at the end of four weeks, the season had been so late and there was work to be done, I stayed twice as long as I intended. I left some supplies behind me and packed a trunk full for Indian Harbor Hospital. I took with me to Battle Harbor 'the old man' whose granulating wounds in the arm needed attention, and another man whom I found down the shore in a deplorable condition from acute articular rheumatism. The day before leaving Bland Sablon this telegram came from Red Bay, seventy miles 'down' the Straits: 'To the doctor at Blanc Sablon,' four men sick with colds, etc., etc., no appetite, eating causes vomiting, kindly forward remedies by "Home." Please keep private.' Signed, Skipper K. The telegraph operator adds, 'I think it is smallpox.' I wired back, 'I will be on "Home" and will visit schooner.' The morning for leaving Blanc Sablon dawned fair, the flags were flying from the Room of the Jerseyman and at Grant's, the schooners floated their ensigns, the foreigners in the harbor not to be outdone hoisted their codes of signals, but daylight did not bring the 'Home,' and only at midnight, dark as pitch, did her lights show up, but friends were there to say 'good-bye.'

At Red Bay the next day the captain thought he would not be able to get into the harbor, as the fog was like a great blanket and predicted that Skipper K. would not appear, but the Captain sounded his whistle, and I soon saw emerging out of the fog a trap-skiff with a man standing astern anxiously looking up. 'Skipper K.?' I asked leaning over the rail. 'O-h- yes' came in a tone of relief. A sober looking man was the skipper. Off into obscurity we went, scaling the side of the schooner and clambering over blubber barrels we came to the aft cabin where out of the bunks with little more than two feet square openings, the skipper hauled, first one man cyanosed, head bobbing; then another semi-delirious and two more not quite so bad, but all bad enough, four cases of typhoid! The skipper said he would not send them to the hospital now that they were irresponsible, when they refused to go while able to decide. They had wished to go home, so fortified by such help as I could render they started for Newfoundland. I have since heard that all recovered, although Uriah—'had a close shave.' I had scarcely set foot upon the landing at Battle Harbor when Dr. Grieve asked: 'Do you chance to have anaesthetics?' 'Yes!' 'a scrap of gauze?' 'a trunk full of dressings,' I replied. 'Oh my, oh my, any bandages?' 'Dozens.' They went out of all at Battle Harbor and my trunk of supplies got no farther north.

The hospital at Battle Harbor is a cozy little place, made so by Sister Bailey. Up on the hill is the doctor's cottage occupied by Doctor and Mrs. Grieve, whose charming hospitality is known to all travellers. There is much I would like to write of; of that exciting occasion, the arrival of the 'Daryl,'—the motor launch brought up from Gloucester to the Labrador by four Harvard medical students; of our efforts to get a nurse over to St. Anthony to Miss MacMahon, who had scarlet fever; of Miss Macdonald's arrival and of her departure on the 'Hawk.' I can see her now, standing out in relief behind the sealer's gun pointed toward Newfoundland, the one figure on deck, an earnest of help and comfort for St. Anthony, but missed by the people of the Straits to whom she and Miss MacMahon had so unselfishly administered.

My trip north completed my knowledge of what Dr. Grenfell had done for that coast. It can not be estimated in cold statistics, but by the effect upon the lives of those who would be still hopelessly struggling with disease and poverty and despair had he not brought help and hope.

The time was drawing near for me to leave the Labrador, but I had a longing to re-visit my summer-made friends along the shore. Miss Richardson went with me, and we took with us the old man whom we were to see to his home in Newfoundland. New needs had arisen along the coast. In one home we found a man with unsuspected diphtheria, and it was hard for him to realize the menace he was to his little children, a realization dearly bought, for a letter later informed me of the death of his little girl.

A busy week we had!

Then came the real good-bye and again at midnight. 'We are rough Newfoundlanders,' they said, 'but come back and see how we'll welcome you.'

'The old man' had never been on a train. It was a great occasion for him. We started out of the station at Bay of Islands in the late afternoon and had gone about twenty miles when there came a jar, a jolt, and a crash. Running to the door, a medley of overturned cars obscured by steam, and people running to and fro met our eyes. The engine and three cars had gone off the track and overturned, the diner was half off and we in the next coach had just escaped. The awful thought was 'the old man,' and the two Harvard men who had joined us on the homeward trip and who had just gone forward. Before I had time to jump and find out the state of affairs, the old man's red sling appeared in the crowd and running he cried out: 'They'se sees you'se safe and they'se helpin' the others.'

The fireman proved to be the only person seriously injured, and while the Harvard men extricated him from the wreck and with Miss Richardson prepared a place for him in the sleeper, I attended to minor injuries. My trunk with its emergency kit, which I had learned to carry was gotten out of the debris and there in our improvised hospital, the fireman gratefully took the ether while we repaired his awful injuries, giving him at least freedom from pain. An engine was sent down to take us back, and at one o'clock in the night we drew up under the hill where the fireman lived. An awe-struck crowd met us. The Harvard men lifted the man out upon a stretcher and silently the procession started forth, a line of lantern bearers fore and aft. We watched the lights disappear slowly round the hill. Our work for the Deep Sea Mission was over!

Only a memory remained, a picture sombre in tone 'tis true. The Labrador brooks no other, but over all the glow of human kindliness and grateful acts of a simple people living in a land where hardships and perils are every-day affairs of life and whose burdens, despite our best efforts, we may only lighten, not remove.

## Acknowledgments.

### LABRADOR FUND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Received for the launch:—B., Atha, Ont., | |
| $2.00; C. M. F., North Gower, Ont., 50 cts.; | |
| W. C. T. U., Covey Hill, P. Que., per Mrs. J. | |
| W. Curran, $5.65; Amy Wentworth, Mont- | |
| real, $1.00; Total.. .. .. .. .. ...$ | 9.15 |
| Received for the cots:—C. M. F., North | |
| Gower, Ont.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | .50 |
| Received for the komatik:—Jennie Wal- | |
| lace, Carlisle, Ont. .. .. .. .. ..$ | 2.00 |
| Previously acknowledged for all pur- | |
| poses.. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..$ | 1,646.23 |
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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1908.

## Jesus Risen from the Dead.

John xx., 1-18. Memory verses 15, 16.

## Golden Text.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Rev. i., 18.

## Home Readings.

Monday, May 25.—John xx., 1-18.
Tuesday, May 26.—Matt. xxviii., 1-15.
Wednesday, May 27.—Mark xvi., 1-11.
Thursday, May 28.—Luke xxiv., 1-12.
Friday, May 29.—Luke xxiv., 13-32.
Saturday, May 30.—Rom. vi., 1-12.
Sunday, May 31.—II. Cor. iv., 6-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have any of you got gardens of your own? Of course you have, and now they are beginning to be very interesting. When you were getting your flower beds ready though, they did not look like they do now. The earth was all brown and dull, and you just had a lot of plain brownish or grayish looking seeds to put in it. How did you know anything at all would come up? Because the seeds were alive you say, they were not really dead and useless as they looked. But how do we know that seeds have life in them? Why, because we have tried it, and when we have planted seeds before, the flowers have come up and shown that the seeds were alive. When we say that people die, and when we bury their bodies away is that the end of them? Sometimes when you have dug up a little seedling by mistake you have found the empty seed shell still clinging to the roots; the beautiful new life of the plant has grown out into the sunshine and left it behind in the earth, because the plant is the real life of the seed. And so it is that a beautiful new life comes for all those who trust Jesus, even from the dark grave where we bury their bodies. But how do we know this? Have we ever seen this new life as we see the life of the plant? No, but there have been men who have seen it, and it is about this wonderful thing that once happened that our lesson is to-day. Who is it that has risen from the grave and told us about this new life? Yes, Jesus. In our last lesson you know we learnt how our dear Saviour died and was buried, and to-day we are to learn how he rose from the grave again.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The burial of our Lord took place on the late afternoon of Friday, and the long, dark Sabbath that followed passed without any sign from the closed tomb. It is evident that the placing of the Roman guard and the sealing of the tomb (Matt. xxvii., 62-66) were unknown to the followers of Christ, or the women could never have contemplated finishing the uncompleted task of embalming the body. The four accounts of the happenings on the following morning, as given by the various gospels, supplement one another, but make it a little difficult to correctly place the events. It was evidently at a very early hour on the first day of the week that our Lord arose, for although the women sought the tomb 'while it was yet dark,' they arrived to find the tomb open and empty, and seem to have been too late to encounter the fleeing guard or hear anything of the earthquake (Matt. xxviii., 2). As to what occurred during the silent day in the tomb there is but the slightest reference of rather obscure meaning (I. Pet. iii., 19, 20; iv., 6). The time spent in the tomb is reckoned three days, according to the Jewish custom, since it was part of Friday, Saturday and part of Sunday. Mary Magdalene, although the only one John mentions by name, was evidently one of the group of women who went together; her cry, 'We know not where they have laid him' (verse 12), indicates that she was not considered by John to have been alone. She evidently returned in great haste to Jerusalem, leaving the other amazed women at the forsaken tomb, where they in her absence saw the angelic vision (Mark xvi., 5). Their wonder and fear seem to have sealed their lips (Mark xvi., 8) in spite of the angelic command, and it was not until after they had seen the Saviour himself that they dared believe and carry on the news. They had fled when John, Peter, and Mary returned, running to the tomb in such haste that no one could await the other. Peter and John in the deepest wonder and questioning seem to have left the tomb speedily to consult with the others while Mary remaining, not only saw the angels, but was granted the first vision of the risen Lord. After assuring her, the Saviour met and revealed himself to the other company of women who were still on the road, doubtless in the greatest of perplexity as to what report to carry to the disciples. Peter and John having returned, seem to have hastily gathered the other disciples together for consultation, for it was to the assembled company that the jubilant women came with their report of having seen the risen Lord. This, however, was too much for the men to credit. Truly the tomb was empty; John believed, by a supernatural exit of the Lord, as the folded cloths left behind would indicate, but some of the others deep in despair and unbelief such as Thomas, could see in the disappearance of the body only added cause for gloom, and looked upon the words of the women only 'as idle tales, and they believed them not' (Luke xxiv., 11). It was still early morning, for the tomb was but a little way out from the city and the road could be quickly travelled in the silence and desertion of the early morning hours. The guards seem to be still in consultation with the Jewish officials (Matt. xxviii., 11, 12), and the lie they were told to proclaim was not yet started on its infamous way.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The Jewish lie examined.—"The sepulchre is sealed, and a guard is set, with instructions to keep watch until the third day. They are Roman soldiers, and they all sleep at the critical moment. The timid Apostles form a design to steal the body, they surprise the soldiers—the guard still sleeps—they roll away the heavy stone from the entrance to the tomb—the guard still sleeps—they remove the body—and the guard sleeps on. The sleeping guards testify that the Apostles stole the body while they slept, and thus the denial of the resurrection rests upon the testimony of men who swear that they were asleep when the event that they swear to transpired. If the Jews believed this, if the Romans believed this, why were not the Apostles punished for defying the power of Rome? What foolishness, united with temerity unheard of, for the Apostles, who fled when Jesus lived, to steal a dead body and proclaim a falsehood in the teeth of their enemies.' It is neither possible to conceive of men who preached and practiced every virtue deliberately manufacturing the accounts they gave of Christ's appearances after His crucifixion, nor of their willingly suffering for the sake of what they knew to be false, such persecutions and death as were theirs.

The resurrection of Christ is proven to-day by the Church on earth, with its ordinances, its living ministry, its Gospel of grace, and the marvellous victories won in every age, and in every land by its toil, in spite of its weakness and its worldliness. The Church of Christ is the supreme credential of Christ.—G. Campbell Morgan, the 'Crises of the Christ.'

How does the honor done to women confirm the narrative? They were 'last at the cross and earliest at the tomb.' Remembering the slight honor paid to women in those days, and still in Eastern and non-Christian lands, it is very striking to note this feature of the Gospels. Certainly any fictitious narrative would make the risen Christ appear first to John or Peter or James, or to the terrified Sanhedrim or Pilate.

Verse 17.—On the disputed phrase, 'Touch me not,' a study of the original gives some light; 'The verb primarily means to fasten to, hence it implies here, not a mere momentary touch, but a clinging to.'—Prof. M. R. Vincent. 'For I am not yet ascended to my Father?' To imply that, since he had not yet withdrawn himself from earth, there would be time enough for expressions of affection, and she would not lose the opportunity by going quickly now to his brethren, the disciples, with the glad news.

## Bible References.

John xiv., 19; I. Cor. xv., 20; II. Tim. i., 10; Acts ii., 24; I. Cor. vi., 14; I. Thes. iv., 14; I. Pet, i., 3, 4.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 31.—Topic—Home missions: Alaska for Christ. Isa. lx., 11-12.

## C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 25.—God made the birds. Gen. ii., 19.

Tuesday, May 26.—Man has power over them. Ps. viii., 6-8.

Wednesday, May 27.—We can learn from them. Job. xii., 7-10.

Thursday, May 28.—They are God's birds. Ps. l., 11.

Friday, May 29.—God feeds them. Job xxxviii., 41.

Saturday, May 30.—God knows when they die. Matt. x., 29.

Sunday, May 31.—Topic—God's thought for the birds. Matt. vi., 26.

## Personal Work.

The most effective workers in the Church of Christ are those who do the most personal work. They not only work, but they seek opportunities to reach souls by individual contact. A superintendent may speak to his school, a teacher to her class, a pastor to his congregation, in a general way, and yet do no personal work. Nathan's 'Thou art the man' carried more conviction with it than his fine rhetorical figure. Paul made it a point to preach from house to house. One might suppose that the great, indefatigable apostle could find no time for personal work, but he did. One might think that the Lord Jesus, with the multitudes ready to hear, could not find time for personal work, but He did. The miracles of healing and resurrection were all personal and not by the wholesale. Zaccheus, Mary Magdalene, the young lawyer, and others, came into personal contact with Him. An eminent minister once said, that, of the first thousand conversions under his ministerial labors, all but three were first moved by personal, private conversation.

The Sunday-school worker who is satisfied with generalities is certain to accomplish much less than he would by impressive, direct, personal appeals. Some one has said that 'tradition has the very plausible story of the Romans changing, every half hour, the soldiers who guarded St. Paul, lest they should be converted, and that, even then, many confessed themselves Christians in so short a time. We know that this was the way in which Paul worked, "warning every man, and teaching every man," that he might "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." '—'Living Epistle.'

## Always There.

The teacher ought to be regular in his attendance at every session. I have known teachers who kept away from Sunday school for the most trivial cause. This is wrong—Selected.

## Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

# Correspondence

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a minister and we have just started to take the 'Northern Messenger.' I am twelve years of age and I expect to try the entrance this year. I have had la grippe and have not been to school very regularly. We have a pony named Maud and we like to go out for drives.

JOY SHAW.

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M., Sask.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to you before, I am going to do it now. We live on a farm about twenty miles north-west of North Battleford, and six miles from Jack-fishlake. The country that I live in is a very nice one. There are a few high trees here and there on it. But there are quite a few bluffs. What we call bluffs are just a lot of trees all in a bunch. The winters here are very cold, but not too cold for us to go to school. I am nine years old and going to school. I have two sisters and three brothers.

HAROLD FITZGERALD.

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A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living on a farm a few miles north of Welland. I go to school, but I have a long way to go, and the snow was so deep that I could not get there. But it was good sleighing.

MAUD H.

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A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living on a small farm a few miles south of St. Catharines. I go to school, but I have been sick a lot and have to stay home a great deal. I like horseback riding very much and ride in the summer when the weather is nice

MARY B.

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T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I started going to school last summer and I am in the part second class now. I have two brothers and two sisters. I have a doll and her name is China. She has brown eyes and yellow hair. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.'

ANNIE CAMERON.

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B. C., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. We have school in our house and I am in the third reader, but am ready to go into the fourth. It was very cold this winter, but did not keep us from playing out. I enjoy reading your 'Messenger' very much.

J. H. WEST.

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K. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old and am in the fifth grade. We have two departments in our school. We live in a small cottage and have just one acre of ground. My father was lost at sea over a year ago, and my two brothers, who are 17 and 15, and my mother support the family. There are eight of us.

BURTON G. MOSHER.

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B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother and sister and I have got our seeds and are going to have a garden of our own this year. We selected sweet peas, nasturtium, ten-weeks-stocks, and forget-me-nots for flowers, and some vegetables. We are glad to see the birds come back. There are a great number of crows around now, and some robins and a blue jay that we have noticed.

PEARL MILLAR.

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H., Sask.

Dear Editor,—My father bought me a single-barrel shot-gun for my birthday. I have shot a prairie chicken, or pigeon-tailed grouse, with it. There is another kind of grouse here which lives in the bluffs. I am sending a drawing of one. I have four hens and they will eat out of my hand; one has layed 21 eggs. The G. T. P. steel gang was working north of here the third week in January. Our nearest town will be Kelliher, ten miles from here. I like the West very much and I like to get the 'Messenger' just as much as I used to in the East. My brother and I each have a collie dog. I call mine Rex. They are good dogs to fetch the ducks that we shoot out of sloughs. I rode horseback every day to school last fall and the dogs used to come a mile across the prairie to meet me after four. I got Dickens' Child's History of England for a Christmas present and I find it very interesting.

RALPH C. RUSSELL.

[A very good letter, Ralph. We shall be glad to hear from you again.—Ed.]

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S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is very stormy to-day, and I cannot go outside to play. I live near a lake and have had a good time skating this winter. I got a pair of skates for a Christmas present. I am the eldest of the family and have two brothers and two sisters. I am nine years old. We have three-quarters of a mile to go to school, but it has been cold, so my little sisters could not go.

HAZEL WAGG.

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O., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I want to tell the little boys and girls a story about the gophers: 'The gopher digs a little round home in the ground and makes a little warm nest to live in through the cold winter for itself and its little ones. There are some little striped and spotted gophers, and the brown ones drive the pretty ones away. If the gophers will not come out of their hole when a trap is set, we can drive them out by pouring water in the hole. Our dog Punch likes to catch them. The gophers hide grain in their home for winter. In summer they eat garden stuff and destroy much of the young crops and also birds eggs. They are as big as red squirrels. There are a great number of them here. We see them stand up like little old men; they look so funny, and people tell me they call like a bird. They are the color of old grass. I had a little gopher and it got sick, and I put a string on his neck and let it walk out of doors to see what it wanted to eat, and it hunted until it found wild sage, so I guess that is the gopher's medicine. If the boys and girls like this story I will write another some time about a pet badger we had once.

Your little deaf reader,

BLANCHE HENDERSON (age 10).

[We shall be very glad to hear from you again, Blanche.—Ed.]

---

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Old Homestead.' Maggie Aldcorn, S. P., Ont.
2. 'Sparrow.' Barbara Dickson, B., Ont.
3. 'Gun.' Cecil Millar (age 10), C., Ont.
4. 'House.' Harold M. Lefurgey (age 12), N.B., P.E.I.
5. 'Box.' Lula M. Dymond (age 10), N.P., P. Que.
6. 'House.' Freda Auger (age 7), M., P. Que.
7. 'A Pig.' Mary McLeod, P., P.E.I.
8. 'S.S. Scotia.' H. H. Reid (age 9), P. H., N.S.
9. 'Gray Bird.' Percie Kramp, S. D., Ont.
10. 'Slipper.' Frances A. Cook (age 9), I., N.S.
11. 'Tea Pot.' Murray Martin (age 8), H., Ont.
12. 'In the Sugar Bush.' Myrtil Middleton (age 12), H., Ont.
13. 'A Squirrel.' Maud Taylor (age 10), L.N., N.B.
14. 'A Fish.' Russel D. McLeod (age 8), P., P.E.I.
15. 'Waggon.' Gladice Crothers (age 7), M., P. Que.
16. 'Ferns.' Laura L. Currie, L., Man.
17. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Sirina Fisher (age 9), S. H. R., N.S.
18. 'Baby Having a Walk.' Jenet Shaddock (age 11), B., Ont.
18. 'Ducks.' Amy Froats (age 10), F., Ont.
20. 'Bird.' Minnie Whaley (age 12), M. C., Ont.
21. 'Roses.' John L. Geldart, R. G., N.B.
22. 'Pail.' Caroline Hagar (age 7), A., Ont.
23. 'Sailboat.' Bernice Crothers (age 9), M., Que.
24. 'A Boy.' D. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
25. 'Umbrella Holder.' Laura B. Sutherland (age 13), S., N.S.
26. 'A Flower.' Earl Auger (age 14), M., P. Que.
27. 'A Swan.' Louis Diamond (age 10), C., P.E.I.
28. 'A Crocodile's Jig.' Wilbert Wright (age 13), T., Ont.
29. 'Paws and Claws.' F. Ralph Burford (age 9), H., Ont.
30. 'The Pig Family.' Robert J. Warcup, M., P. Que.
31. 'The Hare and the Tortoise.' Katherine Dow (age 10), S. M., N.S.
32. 'Plant.' Pearl Stirtan (age 5), S., Ont.
33. 'The Sheaf.' —— (age 12), Avonmore, Ont.
34. 'Our House.' W. R. Geddes (age 9), D. L., Ont.

## OTHER LETTERS.

L. W. Postil, O., Ont., walks three miles to school and thinks it is good exercise.

Sadie B. N., Port Morien, N.S., considers 'the letter that the little Dutch girl wrote was very good.' Sadie lives near the sea.

Cecil Froats, W., Ont., says he has a rabbit cat.

Edna Jean C., Clarence, Ont., writes, 'Two tressels on the C. N. O. in this section have given way. It is good it is not completed; or, with the trains running, there would have been an accident.' Then she asks this riddle: What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

Bernice R. Hill, N., Alta., says, 'My teacher offered a prize to the one who could learn the books of the Bible first. I learned them first and got a Bible for a prize.'

Frances A. Cook, I., N.S., says, 'I went to my aunt's on Saturday and liked the ride on the train very much.'

Ruby Johnston, M., Sask., goes to school on horseback. 'My papa bought me a side saddle. My pony is white.'

Gracie MacLeod, S. B., Ont., writes, 'I am planting some flower seeds and hope to have a nice flower bed. Last summer we had some nice flowers and I used to like to gather bouquets for the house and to send away.'

Ruth Thayer Macdonald, L. C., N.S., has a dog named Darkey 'and he is the only playfellow I have. I have lots of fun with him.'

Grace Evelyn Cavanagh, E., P.E.I., says, 'We have two horses and a colt and we have great times with her in the evenings.'

We also received little letters from B. A., E., Ont.; Gladys Deans, S. C., P. Que., and one without a name from Avonmore, Ont. All riddles sent, but not printed, have either been sent without answers or asked before.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Now!

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deserved praised long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
  By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
  Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of 'two or three' in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
  From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and, by kindly sharing,
  Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
  Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
  For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
  By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
  Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
  All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
  He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Anonymous.

## The White Cross Pledge.

How many young men know the White Cross Pledge? It is worth knowing and thinking about. Here it is:—

'My strength is as the strength of ten
'Because my heart is pure.'

I promise to treat all women with respect, and to endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

I promise to endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

I promise to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

I promise to endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and try to help my younger brothers.

## What Margaret Did.

It was only a tiny card that Margaret had picked up on the street corner on her way home from the mill. But somehow she could not get the words out of her mind:

'Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back, and
Lend a hand.'

'And lend a hand.' How those words rang in her ears!

'Pshaw!' she said to herself, impatiently. 'I should like to know what possible ways there are for me to lend a hand to any one outside of my own family. Charity begins at home, and father will need every cent I can earn for years to educate the children.'

'And lend a hand,' whispered the still, small voice so persistently that Margaret pushed her book aside, and gave herself up to her thoughts.

She had left home a year ago and come to work in the mills. They had had sickness and misfortune in the family, and Margaret had bravely put aside her own hopes and plans and come to the rescue.

'I will leave school and go into the mill,' she said to her mother. 'I shall need but little for myself, and you shall have the rest.'

'But you wanted so much to fit yourself for a teacher,' replied her mother, sadly.

'I can study by myself evenings,' was Margaret's reply. 'Perhaps I can do it yet; if not, it does not signify! It is as plain as daylight that it is my duty to work now; so we won't talk any more about it.'

But while she had been prompt to see one duty and do it, she had neither thought nor cared to look for others. She worked faithfully all day; but she hardly noticed who her companions were. She came and went alone; her evenings she spent in her own little room busy with her books.

'I actually do believe,' said Sue Miner one day, 'that we might all die and be buried, and an entire new set of hands put in, and she not know the difference.'

'And lend a hand'—there it was again.

'I'm doing all that I can do,' thought Margaret.

'Oh, yes!' said conscience, sharply. 'You feel perfectly at ease; you've worked here day after day with all these girls; you've lived in the same house with many of them; you know they are most of them thoughtless, many of them foolish and reckless even but there's nothing to trouble you in that, for you've done all you can to influence and help them, have you?'

'I don't think I ought to be expected to be doing all the time,' pleaded Margaret.

'Why not?' was the quick retort of the inward monitor. 'Don't you remember that little extract you fancied so much: "God never sends you anywhere that He does not send an opportunity with you?" Suppose you look around for your opportunity here and use it.'

It was vexatious; Margaret did not wish to think of it; but she could not seem to put it out of her mind, and more than once during the next few days found herself observing the girls about her. Some looked worn and tired, some restless and discontented, and most showed signs of recklessness. 'But after all, I believe that most of them, anyway, would make good girls if they only had the right influences about them, if they could be kept from the street evenings, and led to like better amusements,' was her inward conclusion of the matter.

'God never sends you anywhere that He does not send opportunity with you.'

'But I must have my evenings to study.'

Ah! must she?

'The sphinx is waking up; she actually asked me what I did evenings,' reported Sue Miner one day.

'What did you tell her?' asked Angie Barrett.

'The truth, of course; but, girls, you should have seen her face when I asked her if she wouldn't like to go to the Dime Museum with me some night! I reckon, though, that I looked about as dumfounded myself when she asked me to come and see her some evening. The funniest part is, I think I'll go.'

Now Margaret had one gift—she was a rare mimic and reader. Often and often she had amused the children at home for hours by her recitations. The idea had come to her that perhaps that gift might be of use here 'I could amuse them first, and gradually interest them in better things, perhaps. At least I could try, and they would be out of harm's way then, anyway.'

So it came to pass that one morning Sue appeared with shining eyes. 'Why, girls, she's splendid!' she exclaimed. 'The sphinx, I mean. I went to see her last evening, and such fun as I had; she said some pieces to me, and I laughed till I cried. She's coming down to our house in a night or two, and she said I might ask as many of you girls to come as I wanted, so come on, all hands of you, if you want some fun.'

That was the beginning. It was hard, self-denying work, and oftentimes Margaret felt she must give it up, but she persevered. She led them slowly and carefully along; they found themselves interested before they knew it in books they had never thought of reading. She won their hearts, and became their friend. She lent them a hand up.

'We can't ever thank you!' said Sue once, long after, 'nor tell you what you've done for us; but the Lord knows, and you will have your reward some time.'

'I've had it already a thousand times over,' said Margaret, with moistened eyes.—Kate Gates, in the 'S. S. Messenger.'

## Solomon Slowcoach.

'Sol, wake up! It's time to get up,' shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother one fine morning as he began dressing himself.

'What time is it?' yawned Solomon.

'Nearly six,' replied his brother, 'and mind Sol, we start at seven.'

'It's too early to get up yet,' said Solomon; 'I'll sleep till quarter to seven.'

So the lazy fellow turned round and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet, and rubbing his eyes he muttered:

'I wonder if it is seven o'clock yet?'

Crawling out of his bed he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting room, nobody in the dining-room. What can be the matter? thought Solomon.

'Where are they all?' he asked.

'Gone to the city,' replied the maid. They started two hours ago.

'Why, what time is it?'

'Nine o'clock; but why didn't they call me?'

'You were called at six o'clock and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson.'

'It's too bad!' said Solomon, dropping his head upon the table.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits and is to this day.

What sort of a man will Solomon Slowcoach be? Well, if he doesn't die of idleness before he becomes a man, he will be a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow. He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; or any money, because he is too lazy to work; or any good character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself.

## General Booth's Recipe for a Long Life.

The seventy-eight-year-old head of the Salvation Army has formulated seven rules for the attainment of a healthy old age. Some of them are by no means new, but they are worth repeating.

Eat is little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body, he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labor; dig, walk, chop wood, or if you can talk with your whole body, why, then, talk; but do it with all your might.

Have a system, but do not be a slave of the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a.m., and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take a longer time.

Do not fill your life with a lot of silly and sordid pleasures, so that when you come to die you will find you have not really lived.

Abstain from indulgences which overtax the body and injure not only yourself but the generations that come after you.

Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else, that is beneficent to those about you, and not to your own greedy self alone. If there is one thing for which I am glad, it is that I have found a purpose which involves not me alone, but all humanity.

**Flags for every boy who reads this page! Do you want one? Would you do a little work for one? or get your chums to join you in securing one for your school? Write at once to our Flag Department and let us tell you all about it.**

Weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade;
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

—Henry van Dyke

## The Stage Driver of White Pine.

(By Elmer H. Meyer.)

"I'm a blockhead, mother, but I'm going to win out if trying will do it! Other fellows have done it, and so can I. I woke up last night saying out loud, 'Pee, bee, tee, dee, chay, jay." I'll get it if it takes all winter.'

Ford Lanning pushed aside his book and made these remarks to his mother in his usual determined manner. 'If I am going to study medicine,' he continued, 'I ought to be able to make more money for my course by shorthand than by driving the stage. I can at least pick up something about it here at home. I saw old Doctor Edson to-day. He's the finest man on the western slope. He slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Stick to it, stick to it." He says his son in the city has a fine practice.'

Ford Lanning and his mother lived in the little mining town of White Pine high up in the Saguache Range of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. The little town of log houses clung to the bleak mountainside as if there were danger of it slipping down the long, rocky road to Sergeants, the nearest railroad station, twenty miles away. After much hesitation by the authorities because of his youth, Ford had been given the contract to carry the mail from Sergeants to White Pine, and the mail carrier was also the stage driver. In the spring and summer the task was not a difficult one, but now winter had set in. At ten thousand feet above the sea, in the heart of the mountains, a steep and narrow road, climbing ever higher and higher demands a skilful driver. Thus far the winter had been an open one, but to-night dark heavy clouds had rolled up over the mountains, and sharp flakes of snow were beginning to strike like bits of flint against the window of the room in which mother and son were sitting.

All night long the wind and snow swept over the hills, and in the morning clouds still hung over mountain and valley with every evidence that the storm had not spent itself. The little log houses and the single store of the town stood out in bleak relief covered with snow, and the mountains appeared to be giant snow banks rising on every side. The bitter wind from the north wailed and shrieked through the pines, whirling down gulches and scattering the snow from the burdened fir trees.

'Ford Lanning will have a trip of it to-day,' said a miner at the post office in the little store where a crowd of men had gathered waiting for the teams to the mines. "The boy ought never to have been given the job; he'll go over into the canyon, team and all, some day this winter. This storm is here for business, and if he isn't stalled before he gets to Sergeants this afternoon, I miss my guess. By noon the snow will be shoulder deep at Martins Bend.'

'Old Doc Edson was here last night,' broke in a second miner. 'Jack O'Brien's baby is sick, and the old fellow came twenty miles to see it. He started for the Divett ranch an hour ago. It's a wonder he wasn't frozen to death years ago in these mountains. He'll go anywhere and do anything he thinks is needed. I even heard the old man preach a sermon once. The preacher didn't show up at Divett's grove one Sunday afternoon, and old Doc, coming along, simply climbed on the platform and preached the greatest sermon I ever heard. The boys from the mine were a pretty rough lot, but every man of them went up and shook hands after it was over.'

Ford knew that he must brave the storm. The old stage driver that had preceded him had missed but five days in ten years in getting the mail to Sergeants on time. Mrs. Lanning was full of anxiety for her son, but Ford said: 'I must go, mother. If I back down at the first storm, I might lose the place entirely, and I can't afford to do that. No one knows how important the mail at Sergeants may be. Besides, it is my duty. If old Doctor Edson with one horse can fight his way through, I ought to be able to do it.'

As Ford drew up at the little post office the snow was falling in whirling masses. The miners had departed, but the old postmaster was full of anxious advice. 'The trip down,' he said, 'is always the worst. Don't get to going too fast, boy, or you'll slide clean over them ledges. Go easy, and let your horses buck the snow in their own way. If it gets too bad, put up at a ranch house and stay there.'

The team and the heavy bobs were fitted for such work. The horses were big, raw-boned animals that knew how to keep to a mountain road under almost any difficulty. They now started on a journey which was to try them as they had never been tried before.

From the very beginning the road began to wind its way down the mountainside. The horses faced the storm with their heads down as if they realized what was before them. Their greatest task was to hold back the bobs behind them, and they settled back in their harness throwing the snow far in front of them as they picked their way over the wet stone beneath their feet which their many journeys had scraped of every particle of earth. Ford aided them all he could by keeping his lines taut, and he knew that reining

in this powerful pair for twenty miles would make his arms ache for days.

The snow continued to increase in volume, and the road became more difficult. Sliding and slipping and settling back almost on their haunches the team saved themselves and their driver from plunging over the embankment at Rice's Turn. Before the eight-mile post had been passed it was very evident that the road would soon be impassible, for small snowslides had already occurred piling immense drifts across the way. The horses would buck the drifts with their powerful chests only to break through them to find another drift ten feet away. The team was breathing hard, and clouds of mist rose into the freezing air from their bodies heated by exertion.

Ford had been almost unconscious of the increasing bitterness of the cold, so occupied had he been in aiding the horses; but now he found his arms stiff and numb, and could hardly unbend his fingers from the lines. The wind was roaring along the canyon, dashing snow into the eyes of team and driver. The warm mist from the horses had been blown back, and Ford saw himself covered by a sheet of frozen snow from shoulders to feet. He realized that it was high time to seek shelter, but the nearest ranch was at least four miles further on.

Without urging, the horses plunged on their way as if they realized that the icy blast warned them of death. But even their strong muscles were tiring, and occasionally they stopped completely, humping themselves up against the storm, and each one sending out two funnel-like clouds of frosty breath from their dilated nostrils.

Ford realized his danger as he found himself growing numb and listless from head to foot. He began to swing his arms, and shouted at the horses. He tried to stand, but sank back in his seat as the wind nearly toppled him over. Suddenly he saw that a few yards ahead some object obstructed the road. What could it be? Yes, it was a horse and cutter, and in the cutter sat a bent human form as quiet as a statue. Shout as he would, the form would not move.

The boy knew that now he must summon all his strength. His team had stopped within a few feet of the cutter. Aching and stiff, he half fell from his seat and began to flounder through the snow, but the exertion at least sent new blood to his brain. As he reached the cutter he gave a cry of fear and anxiety, for there sat the snow-covered form of old Doctor Edson, his head fallen on his breast, sleeping away his life in the midst of the storm. Ford tried to waken him with little success. He went back to his own sled and brought the hot bricks and hot water which his mother had provided. These, together with vigorous rubbing of every kind, began to affect the listless man, and suddenly, half conscious, the old doctor turned his gray-bearded face to his rescuer and said slowly: 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.'

Man and boy gave each other courage, and, after hours of struggle, the faithful team brought them to Divett's ranch. The effect of the hard experience was not thrown off easily, but the next day they were almost themselves again. The storm continued, and for three days intense cold prevailed; then all the fury of the elements gave way, and the warm sun came out, as if spring had suddenly leaped into winter.

At Sergeants a joyful crowd greeted the stage. 'We telegraphed your boy when you didn't show up, and he's here from the city,' someone shouted to Doctor Edson, and just then the young doctor came hurrying down the street. As he approached there were tears in his eyes, and going to his father, Ford heard him say: 'Why, Dad! Dad!' and putting his arms about the old man he kissed him. Ford had never seen one man kiss another before, but he suddenly remembered the passage: 'And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him.'

It was a hard trip back to White Pine, but the stage driver carried good news, for the young doctor had said: 'Study medicine! You can be studying medicine with me inside of a week if you and your mother can get ready in that time.'

Ten days later old Doctor Edson, who could not be persuaded to leave his mountain people, was bidding mother and son good-bye. As the train for the city pulled in he slipped into Ford's hand a little package and said: 'Don't forget the Great Physician.' The package contained a beautifully bound copy of the New Testament, and on the flyleaf were written the words of Jesus:

'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.'—The 'Sunday-School Advocate.'

## A Friendship That Counted.

'No; we never have vacancies here. There are always more applications than we can possibly grant. I am sorry, sir; but that is how the matter stands.'

The superintendent turned away, somewhat slowly, as if he would be glad to say something more to this manly fellow who had come to him asking a place, not for himself, but for a friend. There was in the young man's face a certain strength that promised well for the future.

'I might take your name and address, and if anything should happen to change the situation, I could write to you.'

The face of the young man brightened in a very cheery way. 'That would be kind of you,' he said, taking the pencil Mr. Ames handed him. 'I suppose you think I am too persistent in asking what I have for Billy; but if I didn't know him so well, maybe I would not urge so hard.'

'You say he is ill just now, anyway.'

'Yes. It would be all right if he could find a place six weeks from now. He was hurt dreadfully not long ago. And that's another reason why I am so anxious that he should win. It was for me he was injured.'

Mr. Ames came back to his desk and sat down. 'Won't you take that chair and tell me more about it? I am very busy, but this will not take long. I feel interested in this case.'

David Gray took the seat Mr. Ames pointed to him. 'There isn't very much to tell, sir. It will be a short story. You see Billy and I have always been chums. Went to school together and all that. And we have been studying lately on a little machine for making rivets, and bolts, and such things. My father had a small shop where he worked. He's been dead several years, father has; and I have not been old enough to do much with the shop until quite lately, and now it's gone.'

A shadow fell over David's face for a moment, and he looked out of the window.

'We had the machine almost finished, and were trying it one night.'

'Was it Billy's invention?' Mr. Ames interrupted. His interest was increasing.

'We are partners in it. I suppose the idea was not altogether his,' David replied, modestly. 'But we called it our machine because we had worked it out together. He really did the most of the work.'

'And the plan was yours. I see.'

'We worked at it almost all night that night. It did not do just as he would like to have had it. Just what the trouble was we could not find out for a long time. Billy made the discovery at last. One of the bearings was a little too tight, that was all. It was almost morning when we got it to working. By that time we were both pretty tired. Billy says that he dropped asleep first. He takes the blame all upon himself. I don't think he ought to, for I was just as much at fault as he was. Anyway, the next I knew I felt a suffocating breath of air from the little engine-room. For the time I could not stir or think very well. I tried hard to rouse myself, but some way, the smoke held me down.

'I am sure I never would have stirred again had it not been for Billy. He had strength enough to drag me out of the shop. The building burned with all in it. The fire caught in the engine-room, and Billy says he left the door open the last time he was down to see to the fire. It had gone down low, and he thought if he gave it a little more draft it would come up all right. He worked like a tiger to put the fire out, and, while he was doing so, he slipped and fell. One of his legs was broken, sir.'

There were tears in David's eyes now, and Mr. Ames went to the window, blowing his nose quite vigorously. When he came back, he said:

'You think he will be around again, shortly?'

'Oh, I am sure he will. We could not have it any other way. We, mother and I, took him right over to our house and nursed him the best we could. Billy has no home, you understand. That makes it all the worse for him. He has had such a hard time all the way, and now this. The doctor says he may be lame all his life. I hope it may not be so bad as that. But, anyway, he will need something to do. We were going to give him a place in the little factory if the machine was a success, as we thought it would be. That would have been fine; for Billy can do so many things I can't, sir. He is a good scholar, and can write beautifully. He was going to do the work in the office, see to the business part, and I was to look after the other part.'

'You had no insurance on the shop?'

'It ran out a week or two before the fire. We had almost enough money to take out a new policy, but the fire came too soon for us.'

'And the machine was not patented?'

'We thought it better to wait until it was perfect.'

'Could you do it over again—make the machine, I mean?'

Mr. Ames watched keenly for the answer.

'Oh! yes, sir. It is every bit of it in my mind now.'

The superintendent sat for a moment with his head on his breast.

'The best place for Billy would be in the office, then?'

'He can do anything; but, maybe, that would be most to his liking.'

David had grasped at the changed voice in which Mr. Ames was speaking, and leaned over the desk toward the great man.

'Billy will do well, sir. I know it. He is honest and true. You could trust him every where.'

It was worth something to have a friend like David. Mr. Ames looked into the young man's clear eyes and saw there more than lay in David's words. While he was pleading so bravely for Billy, he was revealing his own character in terms that could not be mistaken.

'And I thought all men selfish!' the superintendent said, half to himself. Then in a louder tone he went on. 'I told you what was strictly true, David. We have no vacancies. A factory like this never has. But when your friend is strong enough, you may bring him up here. I think we shall have something for him to do.

David had risen now, and had seized the hand of Mr. Ames. But the superintendent would not let him speak until he had added:

'And, David, you make your plans to come, too. And be sure to have that new machine all in your mind's eye. We will see what we can do to help you with it.'

If you could have seen the joy in David's face then! Then, too, if you could have been where you could have watched Billy and his friend when David broke the news to him! I know you would have been made stronger and better. Surely this was a friendship that counted, a friendship enduring for all time.—Edgar L. Vincent, in 'Young People.'

## Be Tidy.

You can make yourself an inch taller by a neat, well-fitting dress. You can actually make yourself taller by an erect, manly carriage. Slovenliness is contagious. It communicates itself from the dress to the character. The boy who slouches and slumps in figure and gait is dangerously apt to slump morally. The dust and grime on your clothes is liable to get into your brain. The dirt under your finger-nails is likely to work into your thoughts. Grease spots down the front of your coat will destroy self-respect almost as quickly as a habit of lying. Tidiness is one of the cheapest luxuries in the world. It is also one of the most comfortable, when you know, when you are 'dead sure' that you are just right—'perfectly correct'—from hat to shoe-tie, the king of England couldn't stare you out of countenance; he couldn't embarrass you and he wouldn't if he could.—Robert J. Burdette.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Wee Little Ladies.

Up in the top of the maple tree,
Hid in the branches where none might see,
Little green ladies one and two,
Fussed and chattered the long night through!
'Katie broke a pitcher!'
'She didn't!'
'She did!'
'Katie broke a pitcher!'
'She didn't!'
'She did!'
Maybe the frog at the fountain brink
Closed his eyes for a wee, wee wink;
Maybe the bat in the cherry tree
Slept a little, but never we!

Snug and warm in the nursery beds,
Four little pig-tails, two little heads;
Little white ladies, one and two,
Fussed and chattered the whole night through!
'You broke my dollie!'
'I didn't!'
'You did!'
'You broke my dollie!'
'I didn't!'
'You did!'
Maybe the frog at the fountain brink
Closed his eye for a wee, wee wink;
Maybe the bat in the cherry tree
Slept a little, but never we!

—St. Nicholas.

## The Raindrop.

'I am afraid to fall,' said little Pearl with a shiver.

'Tut, tut,' said Nurse Cloud,' 'you need not be afraid. It is nice down there, I think.'

'Were you ever there?' asked Pearl.

'I suppose so, but I do not remember.'

'I would much rather stay up here,' said Pearl. 'I don't see why all my brothers and cousins should be in such a hurry to go down. Will I be able to find you when I get back?'

Just then a heavy peal of thunder drowned Nurse Cloud's answer.

'Oh, dear, that dreadful thunder! It nearly shook me off,' said little Pearl.

'Now is your turn to go,' said Nurse Cloud. 'Good-by; don't be scared.'

Down, down went poor little Pearl, with hundreds of other little drops chasing after; faster and faster, until beneath her appear the towers of a large castle. Just then a head appears at an open window in the castle, and a pair of blue eyes look up to the sky to see if the storm is nearly over. Down comes Pearl plump into the open eye of the princess, and the little lady laughs as Pearl tumbles out and falls into a sweet tuberose that grows beneath the open window. This is a very lovely bed for a tired little traveler to rest in; but Pearl is homesick, and wants to go back. The raindrops have ceased falling, the sun shines out, and soon Pearl feels herself becoming lighter and lighter; then she mounts up in the air, and soon finds herself in her old home—the clouds.—'Sunshine.'

## Little Owls.

Who has not at one time or other of his life read fairy tales and sympathized with stories of enchanted Princes and Princesses? Poor little babies that were changed into some animal or other, which always bore a mark of their former superior state.

I once thought of this when a country boy offered me a nest with four of the young of the 'Little Owl,' or 'Noctua Passerina.' I put them, with much regret that their parents had been robbed of them, into a large cage, where they could stare at each other and at my pigeons to their hearts' content.

LITTLE OWLS.

Before I tell you what became of them, let me say that this little owl is a very useful bird, for it keeps mice, bats, beetles, and other creatures, in check, which might otherwise multiply too fast. On a spring or summer's evening you may hear its plaintive hoot among the apple-blossoms of an orchard or the sheaves of a cornfield. Curiously enough, this simple sound earned the little bird a name of being the harbinger of death, and peasants believed that whenever its cry was heard where sickness was in the family the patient was sure to die.

The writer of this, when a little boy, was seriously ill at a time when his father had to leave home for a long journey. This was before there were any railways or telegraphs. My poor father was not cheered by hearing the 'home, home' of the bird, which the male answered with 'h'week, h'week;' and though he did not believe in it as a bad omen, yet it created a disagreeable impression on his mind.

However, here I am still, and when I drew a little too much on his kindness in after years, I wonder whether a lurking thought ever crossed his mind that if the so-called death-bird had spoken the truth a good deal of trouble would have been saved.

The explanation of the tradition, perhaps, is that this small owl, like all nocturnal animals, is attracted by light, and the late lamp-light of a watching house, having enticed it to settle near the window, it suddenly utters its 'hoot,' scaring the wits of an uneducated mind. Ignorance is always the mother of superstition and cruelty—hence the dread of this harmless bird. The worst of

these superstitions is, that they rest on the weakened mind of the invalid, and really produce the result that is feared.

But to return to my enchanted princes. I certainly thought that my little owls were bewitched; because, after keeping them a few days, when I arrived one morning with some raw liver, of which they were very fond, I found an empty cage, and not a trace could I see how, when, or where they got out. I have a shrewd suspicion, however, that the fairy may have been a wearer of petticoats, in the shape of a mother or elder sister, who thought that my over-numerous pets were likely to divert my mind too much from my school duties. So they waited until the birds were able to fly, and then, I suppose, they let them go free.—From 'Chatterbox.'

## Why Not?

'If fretting would help, when it's wet,
To dry up the puddles, I'd fret:
And if sighing would help, when it's dry,
To moisten the pastures, I'd sigh.

'If scolding would help, when I'm cold,
To make the sun shine, I would scold;
If mourning would help the forlorn
To have joy and good fortune, I'd mourn.

'If grieving would ever relieve
Their burdens who slave, I would grieve;
If weeping would shorten the steep
Way up to success, I would weep.

'But to frown or to scold or to fret
Serves only to lengthen regret;
Why not give up grieving awhile
And try the brave heart and the smile.'

'Temperance Leader.'

## Why the Cherry Tree has a Stony Heart.

(By Bessie Brown, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

'Well, my dears,' said grandma, as she folded Baby Ruth in her arms, 'I think I have never told you why cherries have such stony hearts.'

'Oh, no, grandma, you never did tell us!' they all cried in chorus.

'Now, Tommy, if you will sit as still as a little mouse I shall tell you the story from the very beginning.

'One day the gentle south wind blew softly through the great gloomy forest (you could hardly call it a forest; it was an orchard). Not such an orchard as you or I have seen. Oh, dear, no! This orchard was so large that, although she flew to the top of the highest hill she could see nothing for miles around except cherries! And do you know why she saw so many, many cherries? Why this was the orchard of the Cherry King; and he kept all the cherries in the world within his garden wall. So you see he needed an immense orchard.

'Well, the gentle south wind blew in and out among the branches and all the beautiful red cherries, with hearts as sweet and soft as yours, my dears, laughed and danced in the bright sunshine. But suddenly a strange noise seemed to sound through the orchard; and all the cherries bent their rosy heads to listen. Just as some of the nervous cherries commenced to be frightened, Miss Bright Eyes, the keenest of them all, cried: 'Oh, it's only a little girl and I suppose the little goose is lost.'

'A look of disappointment passed from one to another, and somehow the rosy faces seemed to lose some of their brightness. And sure enough, there was a wee maid with golden hair and deep blue eyes and the sweetest baby mouth in the world. Now, how she came there I know not and neither did the cherries. But there she was and how hard she tried to find her way. This way and that she darted in and out among the trees, but each step seemed to bring her back to the same place. How tired and hungry she was. If she only could find something to eat. Just then she looked up and saw the beautiful cherries dancing in the sun. (For, by this time, they had recovered their good spirits once more). For a moment the little girl looked at them; then, as she gathered her apron in her tiny hands, she cried: 'Dear, kind friends, do drop into my apron for I'm so hungry.' As they seemed to pay no attention to her, she said kindly, 'I won't take many. Only a few, please.'

'But the wicked cherries shook their heads and held fast to the branches. And now the gentle south wind blew gently in among them and whispered: 'Help her, sweet cherries. She is only a baby.' But they turned away and would not listen. Oh, how angry the sweet south wind looked as she flew far away. Faster and faster she flew. Faster than the minutes fly. And at last she met her brother, the strong north wind. Quickly she told of the little maiden and the selfish cherries. Then loudly did the north wind roar and quickly did he fly away. On, on, he flew until he reached the palace of the Snow King. And, my! what a wonderful place it was! It was made of a single icicle, which seemed to hang from the horn of the moon. Right in the centre sat the Snow King. The north wind wasted no time.

'With a loud wail he rushed right to the king himself and told his story. The king was angry and called loudly for his warrior, Jack Frost. When this brave soldier had presented himself before his master, the king cried:

"'Go with the north wind. Follow wherever he leads. And when you have come to Cherry King's orchard, freeze every cherry heart until it is as hard as stone."'

'Away sped the north wind and close behind followed Jack Frost. When they reached the orchard the moon had long since risen and was shining alike on the sleeping child and dreaming cherries. But the good south wind had carefully covered the little maid with leaves and flowers, for she knew the orchard would have a cold visitor that night.

'The next morning the sun rose slowly out of the east, and a little later the birds started their morning song. And then, slowly the sleepy cherries opened their eyes and started to bob and dance in the sun. But what could be the matter? Surely the sun was nice and warm. Why did they feel so cold? Why couldn't they laugh and sing? Not even Miss Bright Eyes could tell them and they looked in dismay at each other. And then they seemed to hear the south wind say: 'Foolish cherries, Jack Frost has finished his work. He has frozen your hearts, but you made him do it.'

'And they listened in horror and dismay; but soon she passed on and they heard no more.

'So that is why,' said grandma, every cherry you meet, even to this day, has such a stony heart.'

## Philosophical Little Tommy.

Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried; I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried—as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say: 'What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think that every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! let's try to right them.'

So he picks up the poor flowers, puts their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, and makes the bed look smooth and fresh, and takes her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still a moment and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

'Why, Tommy,' said I, 'are you not sorry to lose that kite?'

'Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another.'

Just so when he broke his leg.

'Poor Tommy!' cried his sister, 'you can't play any mo-ore!'

'I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches.'

If many people were more like Tommy they would have fewer troubles and would throw more sunshine into this world. We must cry, sometimes, but try and be as brave as possible.—'Morning Star.'

# Temperance

## 'Are We Downhearted? No!'

A Temperance Song.

(H. A. Beavan, in the 'Alliance News.')

I sing a song of hope to-day,
A song to cheer a stormy way,
A song of drinkdom's overthrow,
For God is mightier than our foe!

Our veterans fall who nobly fought;
The ranks fill up, their spirit caught.
With newer tactics 'gainst drink's sin,
We rush the field and fight to win!

We load our guns with speech and song,
Recount the story of drink's wrong;
Bid every brother deal his blow
'Are we downhearted? No, no, no!'

A race with hands from drink's stain clean
Shall in the coming years be seen.
Its evolution sure, if slow;
'Are we downhearted? No, no, no!'

## A Temperance Story.

(Rev. Frank A. Hardin, D.D., in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

I was but six years old when I received my first temperance lesson, which made me a teetotaler and a Prohibitionist for the rest of my life. It was an object lesson in the person of my first school-teacher. He was a man of comely figure and commanding presence, erect, and had an eye of surpassing brightness and intelligence, such a person as would draw childhood to him. While he maintained the strictest discipline, I never knew him to punish one of the children. We applied ourselves to study, not from fear, but for love's sake, and made rapid progress, so he became popular with the patrons of the school. As I remember, he had but one fault. I cannot say whether it was fastened upon him by heredity or the force of example. Be that as it may, that one fault made his life a tragedy. He had an appetite for strong drink, but he had so many excellent qualities that no one thought of displacing him. He was what men call a periodical drinker, and would go on an occasional spree. I never knew him, however, to attempt to hear recitations when under the influence of liquor. We came to know when his spasm of drink was on by his peculiar garb. He had served in the War of 1812, and held the rank of major. I do not know whether in his contact with the patrons of the school he reserved the right to take a day off or not, but the children became familiar with his habits and knew about when to expect a holiday. As he appeared a little late for school to begin, clothed in his regimentals, he was greeted with applause. The martial spirit took hold of us and we lined up for a drill after the form and manner of our fathers. We had both a drummer and a fifer in two of the older scholars and the school was provided with a flag. As the old man appeared with true military bearing he would order the long roll beaten and, with the air of a commander, order us to rally to the colors; and for a longer or shorter time, according to his caprice, we would march and countermarch around the public square, greatly to the amusement of the bystanders, of whom we usually had a large number. If at times he saw weariness among the smaller children he would allow them to drop out of the ranks. He always brought us out on the parade ground in order and, bidding us stand at parade rest, would call the roll and was careful that each should have his credit marks. This being done with the precision characteristic of him in the schoolroom he would order us to fire a volley, at which signal every mouth, big and little, would explode, and we would then break ranks and scatter to our homes returning the next morning so as to be ready when our commander returned to take up the line of study where we left off before adjournment. This state of things continued without protest as far as I can remember, until we were shocked by the news of the old man's death. It happened on that day I was earlier than usual. Seeing a group of men standing over a prostrate form, I hastened to the spot and was horrified. There lay my first schoolmaster, dead. Late in the night he had started for his home and, having fallen face forward, had smothered in a little pool of water. For a time all were silent. Just at that moment the man who sold him the liquor came up to inquire the cause. One of the company spoke and said: 'You are the cause of this man's death.' The liquor seller turned away without a word and left the crowd. At that moment I purposed in my heart to lead a life of total abstinence from all intoxicants, and that I would for all future time wage war against traffic in intoxicants. Now, after seventy years, I am proud to remain both a teetotaler and a Prohibitionist.


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## The Cigarettist.

'Cigarette smokers are often active, alert, competent men. They are quick to see an opportunity, quick to take advantage of it, appreciative, sympathetic, kind. But when you see such a one he is in his prime, at his best; his star is at zenith, not on the horizon, or at madir. Never again will he be as much of a man as he is now. His future lies behind. He is not growing into a better man. He is not in the line of evolution. If you want a man who will train on, flee the cigarettist as you would a pestilence. He will surely disappoint you. And the better and brighter your young man, the faster will be his descent to Avernus.'

'The cigarette smoker is not a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes. Quite often he is a cigarette smoker because he is a degenerate. In preparing a culture bed for vice germs do not omit cigarettes. Cigarettes stupefy the conscience, deaden the brain, place the affections in abeyance, and bring the beast to the surface.'

'I am aware that cigarette smokers often make fine distinctions between the factory prepared article and those they roll with their weak, nervous fingers in our presence. But after a long and careful study of the subject, I can find no reason to suppose that there is any real choice in cigarette-paper, cigarettes, or cigarettists. The burning of the tobacco and paper together in proximity to the saliva distils a subtle, chemical poison that has its sure effect even upon the strongest constitution.'

'Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart.'—'Irish League Journal.'

## Look After the Children.

(Lady Henry Somerset, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

How well I remember the case of a drunken mother who turned on her own sickly little child, and said, 'I hate you!'

The child turned its wan, pale face to its mother, and said, 'Mother, I did not ask you to born me.'

Some years ago I was passing along a great thoroughfare at the hour of midnight, and I saw a little boy sitting on the kerb and anxiously looking at the illuminated clock at the end of the street. I asked him what he was waiting for.

'I am waiting to bring mother home,' said he.

Every night that little boy, eight years of age, went there and waited for his drunken mother to come out of the public-house, so that he could conduct her to the place they called home.

We must look after these children, or England will disappear with that great crowd of nations which have passed away in disgrace and ruin.—'Temperance Leader.'

# PRIZES AWARDED.

That our alert young 'Pictorial' agents appreciate the chance of getting a good prize at the end of three months, in addition to the handsome premiums or liberal cash commissions they earn steadily by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial,' is well shown in this first competition for 1908.

The competition was to cover the aggregate sales of the first three months of the year; and so that country boys should be at no disadvantage by ranking with boys in the cities and large towns, two separate classes were made, but results show that the country boys this time are away ahead, taking a lead by thirty 'Pictorials.' Ontario is the banner province, capturing both city and country prizes. After the two first prizes had been awarded, the boy making the largest sales in each province was to receive a book prize.

The boy who comes out first of all this time hails from a small railway town in Western Ontario. In last competition, for the flag, he came out second, but a good way behind; this time he comes first with a splendid lead, having sold 156 copies in all of the three issues.

In the city class the first place is taken by one of our steadiest and best agents, who sold 122, exactly the same as was sold by the head boy of British Columbia—another country boy.

The successful boys are as follows:

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These two boys will each receive a handsome Waterman 'Ideal' Fountain Pen, Safety Clip and all—a pen for a lifetime. They will please write us at once, naming the style of nib they prefer, fine, medium, or stub.

### Provincial Prizes

| | |
|---|---|
| DOUGLAS A. WRIGHT, B.C. | WILLIE CARSON, Que. |
| A. BARLOW WHITESIDE, Alta. | SAMUEL McLEOD, P.E.I. |
| W. FRASER McGIBBON, Sask. | MARVIN EDGAR, N.B. |
| DELFORD SCHELL, Man. | WALDO DAVIDSON, N.S. |
| DAVID BROWN, Ont. | |

The above will receive a book prize as having sold the largest number in their respective provinces. The boys who have not won prizes, but who have in many cases done fine work, must make a special effort this time and see if they cannot carry off honors in July.

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## A Lesson from a Baby.

A tiny four-year-old was spending a night away from home.

At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she concluded thus:

'Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any.'

## Hope.

The difference between drudgery and joyful work is made by hope. It is the most blessed of taskmasters. He who works with hope before him knows not fatigue and feels not pain. He who works without it is a slave lashed to his toil by an inexorable and tyrannical necessity. The farmer plies his hoe in one furrow, his boy toils in the next one. The work is an almost unendurable burden to the boy, who is without foresight. It is no burden to the father, for hope stands before him and points to a vision of autumnal glory, with waving grain and the well-filled storehouses. Hope makes the difference between the nurse and the mother. The one toils in menial tasks, because her daily bread depends upon her daily fidelity. The other looks forward, sees the girl budding into a beautiful womanhood, the boy into a refined manhood, and gladly endures. Blessed is the Christian who works cheered by the sure hope of his Master's final victory. He cares little for the tears now, for he can look forward to the hour when he shall come to the harvest home, bringing his sheaves with him. He bears easily the noise and the wounding of the battle, for he hears prophetically the music of victory, and knows that he follows a Captain who has never known defeat, and that the joy of victory, like the joy of harvest, shall more than compensate for all life's weary toil and all earth's strife and conflict.—Selected.

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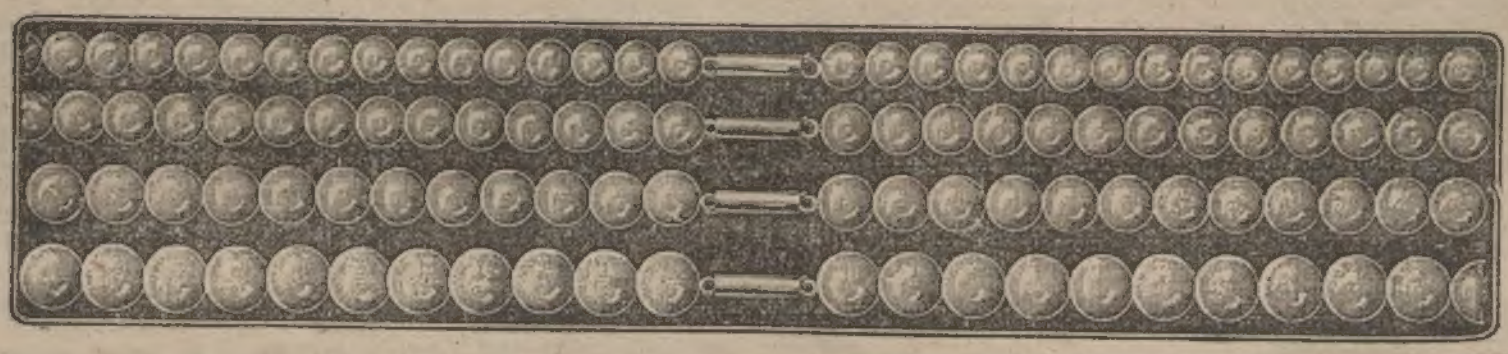
## $1.00 Fine Filled Cream Lustre Pearl Necklet, 39c.



N.M. 113—Fine Filled Pearl Necklet, beautiful cream or white lustre, full round pearls, strung on specially prepared wax double-thread, with 20-year gold-filled clasp, four sizes, as cut. Regular value $1.00, for..... .39

### FRILLED NET.

**Regular 25c, for 19c.**

N.M. 146—This Window Curtaining is 36 inches wide, made in our own factory, and is much better made than goods of this kind usually are. The net is of a fine, durable quality, which will launder well, the lace and insertion pretty and effective. The frill is deep and full, making a very handsome window curtain. No waste. Order the exact length you require for your windows.

Regular .25 per yard, for .. .. .19

### UMBRELLAS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**Regular $1.00 for 59c.**

N.M. 144—We have a very large assortment of Men's and Ladies' Umbrellas, which we offer our Mail Order Customers at less than the manufacturer's prices. The ladies' are covered with heavy mercerized Austria cloth, handles of fancy horn and natural woods neatly silver trimmed. Men's are the plain style, and self-opening, mounted on strong, quick acting steel frames, neat hook or crook Congo handles.

Regular $1.00.
Special, each. .. .. .. .. .. .59

**NOTE—Not more than two supplied to each customer.**

### 10k Solid Gold Signet Ring

**Engraved Free.**

**Regular $2.00 for 98c.**

N.M. 138 — Ladies' and Gentlemen's 10k. Solid Gold Signet Rings, heavy, but finely finished in Roman or bright style, oval flat top for monogram, any one or two initials in neat design engraved free of charge.
Regular $2.00, for .. .. .. .. .98

## Ladies' Solid Gold Birthday Rings, 98c.

**DON'T MISS THIS OFFER. REGULAR $2.00 VALUE.**

**STONES ASSORTED AS FOLLOWS:**

January—Garnet,
February—Amethyst,
March—Bloodstone,
April—Diamond Doublet,
May—Emerald,
June—Agate,
July—Ruby,
August—Sardonyx,
Sept.—Sapphire,
October—Opal,
November—Topaz,
Dec.—Turquoise.

## Long Silk Gloves.

Women's Finest Milanese Silk Gloves, 22 inches in length, 3 dome wrist, double tipped fingers, making the wear twice as long, black, white, and tan. Sizes 5½ to 7½
Our price . $1.25

## Non-Collapsable Pad.

N.M. 116.—Suitable for all the latest styles of hairdressing. Unbreakable, self-adjusting and half the weight of any pad on the market. Regular price .25. Special Mail Order Price .10

**MONEY REFUNDED IF GOODS ARE NOT SATISFACTORY.**